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Zion's Herald.

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I SHALL AWAKE.

BY H. G. M.

I shall awake! however dead
The shadows of the coming night;
Uprising from my dreamless bed,
I shall awake! behold the light!

I shall awake! not of the earth,
Whose ways with erring feet I tread;
But fashioned by a glorious birth
Into the image of my God!

I shall awake! no more to crave
With constant longing still denied;
The good I covet I shall have;
In Christ I shall be satisfied.

SIN.

BY REV. FREDERICK MERRICK.

This is the blackest word in the vocabulary of the universe. It tells of disharmony with God. Perfect harmony with God is man's highest good; it is perfect bliss. Every departure from this is evil. Utter desecration is utter ruin. Sin is, therefore, the evil of all evils. It is inconceivably evil. Its malignity cannot be measured. It is deep as the uttermost depths of the bottomless pit. As far as we know, sin is the one only disturbing element in the universe of God. Surely none but fools will make a mock at an evil of such virulence and magnitude.

But without making a mock at sin, we may think too lightly of it. Is not this the great fault of the present time? Has not the pulpit become toned down below the Bible in its utterances upon this subject? God is love, and the Gospel is good news; but the intensity of God's love is but the measure of His hatred of sin, and the Gospel is good news only as it provides deliverance from sin. We hear much of the Fatherhood of God—a precious truth—but He has not ceased to be the Lawgiver and Judge. Upon the obedient and believing He smiles propitiously, but with the sinner He is angry every day. The Gospel has not abolished the Decalogue; it establishes it. Sin is sin, and it is exceedingly sinful, a bitter evil, blighting all it touches. And it is as deceitful as it is ruinous. It hides away in many popular customs. It finds a place in many of the shrewd maxims of trade. Under a false guise of justice, it often perverts our courts of justice into courts of oppression and wrong. In politics, with bland professions of patriotism, it seeks the spoils of office by slandering the good and extolling the vile. It lurks in all the highways and byways of life. None of any calling or position in life are free from its assaults. The tempter to sin is ever seeking whom to destroy. Alas! that he has been successful with so many who seemed among the elect.

There is much sin, it is to be feared, quietly nestling in the church, which must be uncovered and removed before the church can stand forth before the world "fair as the moon, and clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." At the revival of Gospel ethics is greatly needed. The religious teachers of the present day will do well to heed God's word to His prophet: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." The church is being called upon as never before to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty forces of evil, even to the subduing of the world to Christ; but before any of the great victories are won, the goodly Babylonish garments, the shekels of silver, and the wedges of gold—all coveted idols—must be brought out and destroyed, and their place occupied by the constraining, self-denying love of Christ.

Self-deny is the first step in the requirements of God's holy law, is not only useful for the purifying and empowering of the church, but also for the awakening and conversion of the ungodly. Men will not accept the provisions of the Gospel until con-

vinced of sin. Why should they? Not the whole, but the sick, seek the physician. We may tell them of the pleasures of religion; they prefer the pleasures of sin. They must be made to feel the terrors of the law before they will seek pardon. Fear may be a low motive to action, but sinners are morally low down, and must be moved by such appeals as will influence them. Where else are such appeals made to men's fears as in the Bible? Let us not assume to be wiser than God.

When I hear one preaching the Gospel without proclaiming the law (as if the Gospel did not imply the law), speaking only of the love of God and the beauties of religion, and mildly advising the people to lead a virtuous life, I am reminded of the words of God spoken more than two thousand years ago: "And as for thee, son of man, the children of thy people talk of thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but do them not; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their gain. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." Under such preaching convictions of sin that lead the sinner to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" "God be merciful to me a sinner," will not be common. Indeed, such an outcry, it is to be feared, would disturb many of our congregations—would shock their sense of propriety. How would a wail from the world of the lost affect them? Might it not reconcile them to a cry for mercy? A cry for mercy! A jarring note in a Christian congregation! How does such a cry strike the ears of the heavenly worshipers? Pleasanter than any note from an angel's harp. Yes, "there is joy in the presence of the angels."

ECHOES FROM THE OLYMPICS.

BY REV. LOUIS A. BANKS.

Olympia, the usually quiet little capital of Washington, is in an uproar. The church bells are ringing. Men are grasping each other's hands with hearty congratulation. Women are crying for joy. Telegrams are flying through the air to waiting groups in other cities throughout the realm. What does it mean? Wherefore this disturbance? It means that the liquor-traffic has suffered a Waterloo defeat in the Legislature of Washington! It means that the history of Atlanta is to be repeated in Seattle, Vancouver, Spokane and Walla Walla. It means that "westward the star of (temperance) empire" has taken its way until the golden notes of the "Maine Law" are echoed back from the white-crowned Olympics, and blend their music with the waves of the Pacific.

There are some interesting facts connected with this struggle. The present Legislature is the first one elected since the woman suffrage law was enacted, and a majority of its members were elected by the organized "woman's ballot," which held the balance of power in most counties and was led by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. At the annual meeting of this society last June, the women announced that they would petition the Legislature at its next session to enact a law providing for temperance instruction in the public schools, and also a local option law which would submit the question of prohibition to the voters of each precinct. In November the liquor-dealers, under the strange masque of "Business Men's Protective Association of Seattle," sent out calls to "all cigar-dealers, liquor-dealers, hotel and saloon-keepers" for financial help to defeat such "objectionable laws."

And thus the campaign was opened. The women scoured the country from bank and store and mill to farm, cabin and logging camp for petitioners. The liquor traffic taxed the gun purse from high-toned hotel to brewery and slum-dive for ill-gotten gold to buy legislative votes. But the women had seen to it that a different kind of legislature was elected. And the liquor-dealers found a

hard set of men on whom to work their old-time "brilliant" tactics.

On the opening of the legislative session the first bill presented provides that in all schools supported in whole or in part by public money, there shall be taught in all grades the effect of alcoholic drinks on the human system. This bill passed both houses without a dissenting vote, which is, I think, something new in temperance legislation. Next was introduced a strong "Local Option Bill," and then came the holiday recess. Notwithstanding the good record already made, many ardent temperance workers participated in the Christmas and New Year joys with an undertone of anxiety lest so promising a day of reform be eclipsed at noon.

The liquor traffic left no "stone unturned" or cask unopened that might have votes under or within with which to defeat the bill. Newspapers fed by saloon gold belched forth volumes of sophistry day after day. The ruin wrought in prohibition States was painted in dismal colors. We were assured by brilliant writers whose pens were dipped in beer that "statistics show that while other States have been growing in wealth and prosperity, Maine, Iowa and Kansas have been standing still." A strange modesty kept them from publishing any of these statistics, however. One day we were informed that "prohibition does not prohibit," and the next day these consistent logicians told us how the tide of emigration to Kansas was stayed because "the Germans will not go where they cannot enjoy their beer." During all this the temperance people were not idle. Mass meetings were held all over the territory, and the city of Seattle was held in siege by the W. C. T. U., and so charmed by the eloquent addresses of Miss Narcissa E. White of the grand old "Quaker State," that on New Year's day not a lady in the city offered wine to her guests—a heretofore unheard-of thing on this coast.

With the opening of the new year our law makers went back to their work. The Local Option Bill came up first in the House, where it was championed by two ex-chief justices of the Territory—the Hon. J. R. Lewis and the Hon. B. F. Denison. The latter gentleman closed his speech by saying: "Give the women of the United States the ballot, and immediately Mormonism and intemperance and all such evils will 'bunt their holes' and never will they dare raise their snaky heads again in our midst."

The advance of temperance sentiment was shown by an interesting incident which occurred just before the bill came to a vote. There was present among the spectators a distinguished Democratic politician who has been appointed U. S. district attorney for the Territory by the present administration. The speaker invited him within the bar to speak on the merits of the bill. The attorney related how ten years ago he had done all in his power to defeat just such a bill as the one under consideration and had succeeded, but remarked: "I have changed my views since then, and now the only honor I ask is that you shall pass this bill unanimously." A reporter present writes: "There being no further remarks, the bill was put on its final passage, and every member of the house voted 'aye' without faltering; but before the speaker could announce its unanimous passage, there was a perfect burst of applause both from within and without the bar, which was re-echoed by those on the outside. As soon as Mr. Kinnear could be recognized in the tumult, he moved that the great event be celebrated by a rising vote, and no sooner was this done than a motion was made to call upon the members of the third house to rise also, which was done almost without exception. As this was too much glory for one day, the house immediately adjourned, and a perfect hurricane of congratulations took place."

This was exhilarating, of course, yet all felt that the tug of war was not yet. The Council was now the scene of operations. This body is composed of but twelve men, and upon this territorial jury the whiskey lobby tried every art known to their ingenuity, and succeeded in getting the bill reported back from the committee without recommendation.

But here we had another ex-chief justice, the Hon. Orange Jacobs, who took the laboring oar and made one of the strongest arguments of his life in this struggle for prohibition. At the close of his speech the bill passed by a vote of nine to three. It will not be necessary to speculate about what Governor Watson C. Squires will do with the bill, when we are reminded that he is an alumnus of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and the son of an honored Methodist preacher. One of the nine voting for the bill in the council has been financially connected with the liquor traffic for a number of years, but to the intense disgust of his liquor-selling brethren he said: "I believe the people have the right to settle this question," and stuck to it to the end.

The law is, I think, one of the very best yet passed in the United States. It provides for a special election in June next, when the voters of each election precinct, except in towns and cities which form a single precinct for the purposes of this act, shall vote "Prohibition—Yes," or "Prohibition—No." It is believed by those most thoroughly acquainted with the Territory, that this will at the first election close at least three-fourths of the saloons.

For the benefit of the other fourth, our careful legislators have provided an "anti-treating law," making it a misdemeanor punished by a fine of from \$5 to \$25 to treat another to distilled, fermented or malt liquors of any kind. If any citizen is used, such as pretending to sell something else while really selling liquors, the fine is doubled. So you can see that we are drawing in sharply the lines around the saloons. In the first place, the liquor-dealer cannot sell at all unless a majority of citizens, men and women, say so at the ballot-box. In the second place, he must secure a license by paying a large fee, which is forfeited if he sells on Sundays or before or after certain hours. And finally, the people who go to buy of him cannot make a justification of it in the good old way, but must drink one at a time, each paying for his own dram. The old electioneering programme, of open saloons, with free whiskey for all comers, where the candidate "sets 'em up again for the crowd," has gone forever. It may be some time before "the beast" is dead in Washington Territory, but he will never sleep again, or find one restful, quiet moment.

And now, do you wonder the church bells are ringing, manhood exulting, and mothers crying happy tears, or that the winds are singing an anthem in the great pine forests, and that far out through the "green gate to the Western Continent" the free waves are tossing their white-caps aloft while they shout a mighty halloo!

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY, D. D.

BOOK CONCERN AFFAIRS.

The affairs of our denominational Book Concern are, judging by the report of its Agents, in an eminently satisfactory condition. The *Christian Advocate*, of course, never blows its own horn, neither does it blow the horn in honor of any of the General Conference officials in its own neighborhood. It is manifestly an unbeliever in Henry Vincent's new beatitude: "Blessed is he that bloweth his own horn, for it shall be blown away."

After all is said on this subject that can be said, it remains true that a faithful exhibit of the church's temporalities ought to be made, and that if such exhibit shall demonstrate the servant's faithfulness and efficiency, he ought to receive the "well done." Now the Agents and their business associates have done well, and that quietly, self-respectingly, and thoroughly. The entire sales of books and periodicals for the year closing Nov. 30, 1885, amounted to over one million dollars in value, and are the largest ever made in any one year of the Book Concern's history. The increase of sales over those of last year is almost \$100,000.

The indebtedness of the establishment has been reduced during the past year by the gratifying sum of \$64,383.20. The total assets of the New York Book Concern figure up to \$1,853,270.42; its liabilities to \$305,440.80; leaving a net capital of \$1,547,829.62. Deducting from this an amount necessary to fulfill contracts with subscribers who have paid in advance, and also a liberal estimate of probable losses, the net capital thus reduced was, on the 30th of June, 1885, no less than \$1,405,893.61.

The sales of the *Methodist Review* show the increasing popularity of that excellent periodical, whose Nestor editor is vigorous as any Telemachus

could desire to be—in mind at least. His subscribers are over 30 per cent. more than those of the previous year. It may interest the readers of the venerable but ever-fruitful *Zion's Herald* when it is stated that the business of the Boston Depository evidences very gratifying increase.

The profits of the New York Book Concern have been applied, so far as practicable, to the reduction of indebtedness. \$80,000 of interest-bearing bonds have been paid and canceled during the past year. The entire debt now stands at \$305,440.80. \$142,918.97 have been paid off in the two years between June 30, 1883, and June 30, 1885. In view of this decrease of debt, the Agents have felt justified in calling in for redemption the entire balance—\$266,100 of bonds issued and sold for the purchase of the property at 800 Broadway.

The supply of more and cheaper books for our Sunday-school libraries is an undertaking that has not hitherto been satisfactorily accomplished. The most excellent paper-covered volumes, issued at remarkably low rates, did not commend themselves to the favor of readers and librarians. Perhaps their size had something to do with their rejection. It is certainly very desirable that all the literature possible, introduced into our Sunday-schools, should bear the imprint, and with it the ethical guarantee, of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern. Nearly, if not quite, 150,000 copies of the *Epworth Hymnal* have been sold. The work is worthy of widest sale. It is as much superior in theology and the expression of religious experience to its contemporaries as our religious literature is to the miscellaneous mass issued by firms responsible only to themselves. The *Southwestern Christian Advocate* does not exhibit the prosperity hoped for from change in its financial policy. The outlook for *Our Youth*, the weekly Sunday-school paper authorized by the General Conference, is, on the whole, encouraging.

The twentieth anniversary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society was held in St. Paul's Church on the evening of Feb. 2. Bowles Colgate, esp., the newly-elected and popular president, occupied the chair. The church was filled to the doors by a large and influential congregation, among whom the colored leaders were not conspicuous. Dr. Vail, the corresponding secretary, read sundry interesting facts and figures, showing the work of the Society during the past twenty-five years. From these it appears that the principal work of the corporation has been done among the destitute masses of the population. Every new church, with the exception of that on 60th St., Madison Avenue, has been organized by it, and over a million and a quarter of dollars have been expended in enlarging and sustaining the work.

Its predecessor was the New York City Sunday-school and Missionary Society, incorporated April 14, 1866, which had six missions under its care. Of these the Tenth Avenue became the 35th St. Church in October, 1866; the Third Avenue became the 61st St. Church; and the Bank St. the Perry St. Church. Since the organization of the present Society it has founded St. Andrew's Church; West 71st St.; the 11th St. Church; Franklin St.; Washington Heights; the Cornell Memorial, East 76th St.; Grace Church, 10th St.; St. Mark's for colored people; Attorney St.; Wesley Chapel; St. Stephen's; Woodlawn; Church of the Saviour, 109th St.; West Harlem; and West 56th St. Besides doing all this progressive work, it has saved other churches, such as 17th, 37th and Forsyth St., from extinction. The old Trinity Church on 34th St. and the Alanson Church were sustained until probabilities of further usefulness had well-nigh disappeared. It then sold the edifices and applied the money in furtherance of its work. The reported valuation of its property in 1884 was \$821,000; and of its indebtedness \$114,000. As the result of twenty years' labor, it now reports twenty missions and churches under its care (five of its proteges having become independent), 3,061 church members, 6,679 Sunday-school pupils, 41,981 missionary visits, 36,222 visits to the sick, \$97,367.63 raised by the Sunday-schools of the Society, \$360,687.90 raised by the churches of the Society, \$283,228 raised by other churches for the Society, \$488,119 paid on property, and total expenses amounting to \$1,311,816.

This is really a splendid showing, considering our numbers and the size of our resources. We may well thank God, and take courage. Of the three former presidents, two, namely, W. W. Cornell and A. V. Stout, have entered into rest. Half a century of tireless toil necessitated the declaration of further election by John B. Cornell, who richly merits the just recognition of his services in the resolutions unanimously adopted at the late anniversary.

A future full of toil, sacrifice, and success lies before the Society. Hitherto we have played with socialism and its kindred monstrosities in this country. In the near future they will be among its burning questions. Christianity applied is alone competent to their beneficent solution.

Bishop Foss, with his family, sailed for a seven months' foreign tour of official duty on the following morning, delivered a philosophic, forcible,

and eloquent address. More than that, it was thoroughly orthodox, and aglow with Pentecostal fire. Many friends, inspired and cheered by his words, gathered round the altar, at the close of the meeting, to bid him Godspeed.

IOWA NOTES.

Winter, though he delayed his coming a little, now has us firmly in his clutches. The mercury has sunk a few mornings as low as 23 minus, and has played between that and 40 plus now for a month. This is not as low, by ten degrees, as it sunk last winter; but there have been more deaths by freezing, within the State, perhaps, than last year. The blizzard came upon us so suddenly that many were distant from home, and in one case an entire family never reached alive.

The severity of the last three winters has terribly depleted the orchards of the State. Hundreds of thousands of fruit-bearing trees have died, and the orchards will hereafter yield more stove-wood than fruit. The year's crop of grain and produce was abundant in most of the State, and has already been largely marketed. Prices, though, are so low that the income is far below the needs of the producers.

Still we have no reason to complain of hard times when we, as a State, reflect that we contribute our proportion of the fifteen hundred millions annually spent for drinks and tobacco. Why not quit drinking and smoking one year, and pay the nation's debt? If prohibitionists had no other end in view than diverting this vast sum into useful channels, they would merit the applause of men and angels.

Iowa has lately shown symptoms of a determination to resolutely enforce her prohibitory law. The largest and most enthusiastic temperance convention ever held in the State occurred in Des Moines a few weeks ago. Every county in the State was represented, by an aggregate of over eight hundred delegates. The trumpet of the convention gave no uncertain sound. The Legislature was in session at the same time, and it is hoped that its eyes were acute enough to see the "tekel" written on the wall over the name of every legislator who opposes or obstructs the law.

Great encouragement was given to the friends of the law by the retiring and incoming governors. The enemies of the law try by fair means and foul to make out the law a failure. The retiring governor, who has had as good a chance to know how this is as any man in or out of the State, thinks differently. In his farewell message to the legislature he speaks as follows:—

"Notwithstanding the adverse opinions and unfriendly criticisms indulged in by its opponents, there is no doubt but that the prohibitory liquor law has been reasonably successful. That the principle of the law is still dominant with the people must be conceded, for while not in direct violation of the law election, it was attempted to be made so by the saloon interest, and by delusive argument and false statement to be brought into contempt; but the scheme failed, and the people remained firm in the determination that prohibition must continue the order of the State. I am confident that the law is vindicated in many of our cities, but this argues nothing for its repeal—the same may be said as regards the law against burglary and other graver crimes, yet none desire their modification."

Much other matter, of a similar character, is contained in the message, but Gov. Sherman's time is out, and he is now a private citizen. Great interest attached, therefore, to what the incoming governor would say respecting prohibition. Great fears were entertained by not a few during the campaign last fall, that the Republican candidate, who was elected, was not a prohibitionist. He had been in the Legislature several terms, and some of his official actions respecting prohibition were not assuring. But if his inaugural address contains his real sentiments, we may bid good-by to our fears. He declares that "public funds should be appropriated, and, if necessary, the whole power of the State should be brought into requisition, to secure obedience [to the prohibitory law]. Whatever authority may be vested in me will be unhesitatingly exercised." This is well said, but here is another extract that is worthy to fly at the mast-head of every temperance paper in the land till the drink monster is vanquished:—

"The saloon is the educational institution which takes no vacation or recess and where the lowest and most pernicious political doctrines are taught. Its thousands of graduates may be found in all positions of wretchedness and disgrace, and are the most successful candidates for our poor-houses and penitentiaries. It is the bank where money, time, strength, manliness, self-control and happiness are deposited to be lost, when drafts are drawn on the widows and orphans, and where dividends are paid only to his Satanic Majesty. Let it perish."

When the governor of each State and the President of the United States will unite in that declaration, the prohibitory millennium will be near at hand.

I have heard of no widely-extended revival within the bounds of the Iowa Conference so far this year. A great number of charges report accessions, from half a dozen up to eighty. The church building at Newton, recently built at a cost of \$11,000, and said to be almost perfect in its adaptation to the wants of the society, burned to the ground a few months since. But though cast down, the faith of the people was not destroyed, and they took hold of the work of rebuilding vigorously, and expect to rededicate early in the spring. An insurance policy in a reliable company for \$6,000 greatly simplified the work of rebuilding. Two new churches have been dedicated since Confer-

ence, and several are projected for the coming summer.

Rev. R. A. Carnes, pastor at Brooklyn, Iowa, was recently married to Miss Lizzie Hough, of Newton, Iowa.

ST. J. E. CORLEY.

Marquette, Feb. 2, 1886.

THE NATICK CHINAMAN.

MR. EDITOR: I have read with appreciation Rev. Dr. J. O. Knowles' note in your last issue, concerning "A Word for the Oppressed," and his somewhat detailed account of the "cheerful" departure of this "solitary queener-man," but I am by no means persuaded from his own showing up of the affair. I don't wonder his "cheeks burned" as he wrote that the Chinaman went out victor. However placid his exterior, or willingly he accepted the "shekels," I can assure Brother Knowles that the Chinese are too thoroughly well-bred in the courtesies of life, for this lone representative of that great nation not to have felt keenly both the gross insult and the determined pressure back of the money. I have never seen a people so quick to appreciate so long to remember a kind act, and such feel equally a wrong. They are a peaceable, quiet people, dreading quarrels and bloodshed, slow to force their company upon any one. So I understand perfectly that that one "stranger guest" in Natick knew that he was not welcome there; that he, one man alone, had determined, bitter enemies there. He felt and saw trouble ahead, and that in the end he must go, and so of course it seemed better to him to take a hundred or so dollars than to go empty-handed.

Oh, how I wish Brother Knowles could have added: We Natick Christians, we priests of the Most High God, with our church members, rallied around this lone brother (we can't get rid of our kindred!) and assured him that if he wished to stay, then stay he should, and we would see that he was protected. We assured him that we were his friends, invited him to our churches, and even offered him, the homeless one, the hospitalities of our Christian homes. If after such reasonable Christian courtesy, set over against the "knighthood" (?) pressure of his enemies, he had still chosen to go, we think the Great Father who looked down and saw the whole transaction, would pronounce the skirts of Natick Christians unpolluted; but with enemies around him, and friends in the distance if anywhere (such friends would have amounted to little in our times of need in China), I cannot see the shekel inducement only.

I am compelled further to remark that "Oriental derision" in its most victorious moments stoops not so low as ever to exemplify the picture Brother Knowles so vividly describes. In the place of such a picture, but one passage of Holy Writ ever comes to my mind suggestive of wonderful scenes, as these people I love, stoned, vilified, wronged here and there and driven out, quietly, patiently, with no return stone or taunt or wrong, simply depart to another place: "He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth." My heart is too sore over Natick and many other scenes of wrong to see anything victorious in the transaction save to the powers of evil. God gave the Natick Christians the opportunity not only to protect the oppressed stranger within their gates, but more, to save a soul for whom Christ died. The Gospel may never come nearer to him than at Natick; and when the great day of reckoning comes, and the Father of us all asks Natick Christians, Did ye make one effort for the temporal or spiritual salvation of your brother? what shall the answer be? Thousands of dollars cannot mend a broken law or atone for a wrong to a brother!

E. E. BALDWIN.

Our Exchanges.

BY SETO.

A Rose by Another Name.—The *Churchman* has found a more polite term than sect in naming other denominations than its own. Referring to a Methodist it speaks of a bishop of that "differentiation."—*Advance*.

"Pity 'tis, 'tis True!"—It has been found, unfortunately, that a falsehood, well invented, dexterously told, and then determinedly stuck to, is not a bad weapon in the hands of men who strive for political but success, and care little for the means by which that success is gained.—*Presbyterian*.

A Very "Bad Lot."—Habits of inattention, of mental indolence, of surface or of random thinking, of inexact statement, though they may involve no conscious wickedness, are the source of a widespread and insidious corruption of character.—*Christian Leader*.

"People who Live in Glass Houses."—Men who use the weapon of criticism freely ought to be sure they are not vulnerable to assault with the same weapon.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

The People About Right.—The reviewers were learned men. They worked long and faithfully; but somehow or other the common version has become so thoroughly engrained in the minds of the English-speaking people that they seem determined to have none other, only as they may be used as helps to that.—*St. Louis Advocate*.

A Fraud and Sham.—A cunning, wire-working preacher is a self-confessed scoundrel. Think of an ambitious, unscrupulous man—a man who loves money, and seeks notoriety and power, at the expense of conscience—think of him as a pastor in charge of the spiritual interests of the people.—*Holston Methodist*.

The Family.

THE PILGRIM'S NEED.

BY MRS. M. P. CHICK.

Now tarry here "the young man said,
"And rest thee by the way;
For thou hast come from distant lands,
A pilgrim, old and gray.
And thou hast trod the sacred hills
Of Palestine afar;
Hast crossed the plains where wise men
first
Saw Bethlehem's morning star.

"And thou hast stood by Jordan's wave,
And crossed its swelling tide;
Climbed Calvary's hard and rugged mount,
Where Christ was crucified.

"Thou hast knelt by tomb of martyrs,
At prophet's mosque and shrine,
Saw, found you charm or solace
For every heart like mine?"

"In that land of sacred story
By waves of Galilee,
Say, found you charm or solace
For weary ones like me?"

"Yes, I have found a fountain
Where all who drink may live,
And a pearl of price more precious
Than Eastern kings can give.

"I have found that charm and solace
For weary hearts like thine,
But no one need go seek it
In distant Palestine.

"For all who seek may find it;
Believe me, gentle youth,
The charm for which thou seekest
Is the priceless pearl of truth."

THE MISSION TO THE MASSES.

BY KATHARINE L. STEVENSON.

To hear Dr. Butler preach upon India, is an event not soon to be forgotten by those who bear upon their hearts the Christ-injunction: "Go ye into all the world!" As one listens to his earnest, impassioned words, it is easy to believe his assertion—that he never stands before an audience without feeling that he is the representative of India, backed by the needs, the blind longings, of that two hundred and sixty-three millions of people to whom the Gospel has, as yet, come but in its faint twilight glimmerings. They are his people of whom he is talking, and he kindles in his hearers' hearts the conviction that India is indeed "our parish," looking to us for light and life. God grant that the convictions may deepen, until the "hidden treasure" of His church be so poured forth that they who would "preach" may be "sent!"

But it is for the utterance of a thought growing out of one of Dr. Butler's own, that we wish to borrow the HERALD's columns. In illustrating the idea that India has greater claim to the Gospel than any Western country, because it was an Oriental Christ who came into the world, and in presenting Him to the people of the Orient we are simply giving them, in a sense which we cannot claim, their "Redeemer," their next of kin, he relates this incident:—

One of the missionaries, itinerating through the villages of the Gangetic valley, pitching his tent and preaching to the people by voice and stereopticon illustration, threw upon the canvas one evening the picture of Christ feeding the multitude. Immediately one murmur ran through the assembly:—
"Why! Jesus Christ is not a hat-wearer; he is a turban-wearer!"
"hat-wearer" meaning foreigner;
"turban-wearer" one of themselves.
"Why, yes," said the missionary, surprised, "did you not know that Christ was a turban-wearer?"
"No," we thought this Christ you talk about was an Englishman or an American, but if that picture be true, he is an Asiatic."

Being assured that He was, indeed, an Asiatic, "it was wonderful," said the Doctor, "with what new interest they listened;" and this thought, grasped at once by the other missionaries, is being found more effectual than any other in causing them to listen to Christ's teachings. If He be an Oriental, then upon them as men of the Orient has He at least the claim to be heard.

We cannot admit that, in any real sense, their claim upon Christ is greater than ours. True, it was Oriental blood that flowed through His veins; it was an Oriental Church that He established upon earth. But, in a higher sense, His blood was the blood of our common humanity; His church was the church universal; and in Christ Jesus there can be "neither Jew nor Greek," as there is neither "bond nor free, male nor female."

But the manner in which this people received the thought that Christ was one with them, it seems to us, worthy of note, furnishing more than a hint for future missionary effort. So long as Christ was to them a "hat-wearer," they could claim no kinship with Him. He was one of the hated governing class, separated from them by race, by language, by custom, by caste. They could think of him only as they thought of the missionary, and Dr. Butler himself tells us that from the customs of their race they always feel as if it were an act of condescension, on the part of a missionary or any "white face," to speak with them.

To me there is an infinite pathos in this thought. The good tidings should never be received as if the bringing of them were a condescension. The ambassador of Christ, like his Master, can reach men only as he touches them; as he makes them feel that all social, all race distinctions are swept away; that he and his hearers stand face to face, heart to heart, in their common need. It was thus that Christ came to men—one of them, one with them, in their needs, in their desires. It is thus that He comes to us to-day. The Anglo-Saxon never feels that he is accepting an Oriental Christ; He is our Jesus, our Saviour, our Elder Brother. He goes with us through the routine of

our daily life, and we never pause to think how different is that life from that which He really lived upon earth. He proves His claim to the title "Son of Man," because no race, no climate, no age, can hold Him. "They shall come from the East and the West, from the North and the South," all drawn by the might of Him who, to all humanity, is the "Elder Brother." Forever, and throughout all the world, Christ comes to "His own."

And thus His ambassador must come. I believe that the church will yet learn that, to the successful evangelization of foreign nations, the missionary must himself become a foreigner. Not only must he give up home in the sense of separation from it, he must give up, also, so far as possible, home customs. He must be one with the people he is trying to save. Paul seems to have understood this. "For though I was free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law; that I might gain them that are without law; to the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the Gospel's sake." One wonders if the church to-day might not safely and successfully follow its first missionary's example.

(Concluded next week.)

THE GUEST.

O thou Guest so long delayed,
Surely, when the house was made,
In its chambers wide and free,
There was set a place for thee.
Surely in some room was spread
For thy sake a snowy bed,
Decked with linen white and fine,
Meet, O Guest, for use of thine.

Yet thou hast not kept the trust,
Other guests our lips have kissed,
Other guests have tarried long,
Wooded by sunshine and by song,
For the year was bright with May,
Then were coming with the rest,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with roses and asphodel,
Lingered long, even yet
Hath not quite his haunts forgot;
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasures from his hoard,
Trimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path he strayed,
Young Romance, in light arrayed;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide,
Faint sunbeams low and wide;
Care hath fitted in and out,
Sorrow strewn her weeds about;
Hope held up her torch on high,
When clouds darkened all the sky.

Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath sought our house within;
Life hath called us, loud and long,
With a voice as trumpet strong,
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see thy shadows fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at last from floor to floor,
When thou comest, by thy sign
Shall know these, Guest divine:
Though alone thy coming be,
Some one must go forth with thee!

— Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. N. D. GEORGE.

(Concluded.)

TOBACCO EXPERIENCE—PIGTAIL AND PUFF.

But this tobacco history would be incomplete without my experience in burning the herb as well as chewing the cud. Time rolled on, and six years more being added to my age, I found myself in Exeter, N. H., employed as a journeyman shoemaker. It was on March 4, 1825, that John Q. Adams was inaugurated President of the United States. It was a great day, for political excitement ran high then as well as now. Exeter is at the head of the Piscataqua River, and the ice at that time being exceedingly smooth, some zealous politicians conceived the idea of burning a quantity of powder by the use of a cannon on the ice. The writer assisted in dragging the gun, and spent an hour or two with many others in witnessing the sport, as the gun when discharged would run back and whirl about wonderfully. This scene closed, four young men (I was one of them) repaired to B's tavern. But little was heard of hotels, saloons or restaurants in New England then; they were all taverns. Mr. B. was a respectable liquor-seller, of course, and like Locke of Seabrook was very friendly to temperance, not selling to men when drunk. If one came in to furnish him the crowning glass and thereby to get up the craze, why then he must be pitched out into the street, for an orderly house Mr. B. would have. As we have said, the young men went to the tavern, and one treated the rest. Four glasses of brandy were called for and swallowed, at six cents a glass. Four times six are twenty-four; that is the arithmetic of it.

After the "pigtail" experience, I thought, though I said it not, that I would never use tobacco again in my life. But this was a great day; it was also a social occasion. The brandy had been taken, and already stirred the brain. Young Clarke—who, poor fellow, afterward became a poor sot and died such—treated the company to cigars. They were none of your long nines made of poor black tobacco, but real Spaniards, with bright smooth yellow skins. One was offered to me. I had no desire for it, but to be social, how could I shake my head and say no? I took one, and it was then and there in B's bar-room that for the first time I sucked into my precious mouth the smoke of burnt tobacco and puffed it out for the pleasure or annoyance of others. It would have been fortunate for me if a pigtail experience had come of it, but, instead, a very pleasurable sensation was produced, and I became a regular smoker. Yes, be it known that on the 4th of March, 1825, John Q. Adams was inaugurated President of

the United States, and also that on the same day N. D. G. began his career as a smoker of tobacco! Did not Napoleon, or whoever uttered it, hit it when he said there is "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous?" As I never smoked a black or unsavory pipe, or long nines, but the best of Spanish, it cost no small sum of money for the five years or more indulgence in the practice. I had come now to be, for a young man of seventeen, in a bad way, very bad, drinking brandy and smoking cigars!

But how did I get out of that way? The Great Master said to His primitive followers, "I will make you fishers of men." They have their successors at the present time, and the world knows that Methodist ministers, as well as others, have done something at catching men. In my driftings I brought up at Great Falls, N. H., and there was caught in the Gospel net under the management of that skillful fisherman, Rev. B. R. Hoyt. Under his faithful pastorate, his private effort and public lecture, I was liberated from brandy. But the cigar at this time I had no idea of giving up. Rev. G. Storrs succeeded Mr. Hoyt. He was no "reed shaken with the wind." He carried no blunderbuss into the pulpit, but a rifle of the most accurate pattern. He was then of that class of ministers who fire at everything in general and hit nothing in particular. Pity that during the last years of his life he should have fired so much at random! It was in the autumn of 1830 that he preached upon self-denial. I was present, for I seldom lost one of his sermons, deeming them valuable, but to my surprise he made an onslaught on tobacco, especially its use by Christians. I was not pleased, and braced up against it, my line of thought being about as follows: "You had better preach the Gospel, and let tobacco alone. I shall not give up my cigar. As good men as you, and ministers too, use tobacco." But the shot, the hot shot, flew thick and fast, and I felt their force only to be irritated. In fine, I left the church not thinking so well of Mr. Storrs as a preacher as heretofore. I was troubled, and got but little sleep that night till toward morning. On awaking I was prepared for a more candid view of what I had heard, and such now was the force of truth, that a resolution was formed that, the Lord helping, I would use no more tobacco unless it was prescribed by a physician. A few days before quite a quantity of cigars had been purchased, and on the day following the sermon by Mr. Storrs, speaking to one who knew their quality and cost, I inquired, "What will you give me for them?" A small sum was named; I passed them over to him, and was a smoker no more. No audible declaration was made. A hearty laugh went up from the shop's crew, supposing I would soon resume the cigar, but, by the help of God, victory was obtained. This occurred fifty-four years ago. Thank God for the labor and success of His faithful ministers!

Some very good people use tobacco, and it is supposed that after all the great anti-tobacco apostle, Father Trask, has written or said, and all that others may say or do, there will be not only dirty words and goats that will cleave unto tobacco, but also many excellent men and women, too, who will live bond slaves to it all their days. I would advise all who are at liberty not to be captivated by so cruel a master. Not a few are in the habit of joining me in this, for it is observable that many in this bondage themselves are unwilling that their children should form the same habit. Social influences are often very powerful either for good or evil, and when bad associations are once formed, they may not only lead to the use of tobacco, but to that which is worse, the use of intoxicating liquors. It resulted in my being a smoker more than five years. The young especially should be careful with whom they associate. If with bad men, it may prove their ruin; if with good, it may aid them to a noble life; and one well-attested fact should be remembered, namely, that "the Christian is the highest style of man."

Oakdale, Mass.

FEBRUARY.

"But Thou hast kept the good wine until now."
Sweet are the last slow hours,
With the sound of flying rain,
That beats its time to a dream of flowers,
As it tinkles on the pane.

Dear are the latest days,
With their story-song of spring,
The melting ice and the soft gray haze,
And the hopes that wake and sing.

Dearest are all the snows,
The bitter, biting frost,
For the short day's work and the long night's
For the living and the lost.

Sweet was the May-time past,
And longed for every day,
When the blossoms all abroad were cast,
And the birds were all at play.

Lovely was summer's time,
With roses blown at noon;
The year stands still in its maiden prime,
When the roses tell of June.

And sad and fair as life
Were autumn's golden strands,
With its days of sun and its days of strife,
And the harvest in our hands.

But best and blest of all
Are the latest wintry days,
When the voice of hope is the Spirit's call,
And the soul in silence prays.

When the work of earth is done,
And the days of exile here,
When the loved are all before us gone,
And heaven is drawing near.

When the pilgrim's toil is through,
And the stranger finds his kin,
When the flesh hath failed but the heart is true,
And the quiet days begin.

Dearest than joy or love,
The rest of life's last hour,
With the dawn at hand in the skies above,
And the coming of His power.

— ROSE TERRY COOKE, in the Congregationalist.

— God sometimes shows us a glimpse of a future trouble that He holds in His hands, to neutralize the trouble we are immediately under; even, it may be, to turn it into a quietness and content.—A. D. T. Whitney.

TWO BOYS, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

BY REV. JOHN COLLINS.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is a common saying, and there is romance in the lives of some humble people, like Richmond's "Annals of the Poor," which illustrate God's guardian care over those who trust in Him.

My story begins nearly fifty years ago, and comes down to the present time, for the boys are yet alive in the stirring activities of to-day. "The boy is the father of the man," and "men are but children of a larger growth."

These boys—we will call them J. and M.—were born in —. They were brought up in the sturdy faith of the Westminster Confession. J.'s father was an elder in the church, a kind of justice of the peace—a peace-maker in the parish. He had seven "cotton" families on his place, and was looked up to as a "well-to-do" in those days. M.'s father was a school-master of "ye olden time," but far more kindly in his spirit than most of his profession of those early times. He was famous in figures, great in "Gough's Arithmetical," a standard of that day—and in ornamental penmanship he was simply wonderful, for that day or any other day. He died young, and left M. and his little brother R., with their mother, dependent upon the aged grandfather. This was a great loss, which limited the resources of the family very much. But J.'s father had enough and to spare, and it was most gladly spared to the mother and the family.

The Wesleyan preachers came into the place, and a revival followed. A class was formed, and a circuit established, and J.'s father became a class-leader and local preacher among the Wesleyan Methodists. The mothers of the boys, M. and J., met in class, and lived in the most affectionate Christian intimacy with each other for many years. These were the years of the greatest depression in M.'s family affairs, but were the most prosperous times seen in the family of J., for after this came a reverse of fortune, just before the famine, which I need not relate.

M. and J. were like David and Jonathan, twin spirits, always together when possible, rolling, tumbling and tossing in the village "sand-bank." J. was a quick and impulsive little fellow, but M. was quiet, gentle and affectionate. If J. gave the "blow," M. had the "kiss" to conquer and cure all troubles in the over-pushed fun among the boys of those days. But a dark day came to the boys, for J.'s father was to take the family far away to America. It was a most delightful June afternoon when the whole village turned out to bid good-by to J.'s father and family. Most of the people of the village walked half a mile and then stopped to bid a last farewell. Such a scene never occurred in that village before nor since. M. followed another half mile, and the tenderest, saddest parting of all was that of M. and J., who wept and sobbed almost to agony. M. wanted to come to America with his playmate. It seemed like a farewell forever.

J.'s family, after a long voyage of six weeks, arrived in the Province of —. After a varied fortune, roughing it in a new country, J. experienced religion, which revolutionized his life and character. His mind wakes up and he thirsts for knowledge, but there were no school privileges where he lived. He hears of a "Manual Labor" school, and starts for the "States" (as they were called) to find it. When he came to where it was, it wasn't there; it had ceased seventeen years before, so he found himself seventeen years behind the times, and has been in a hurry ever since to catch up. J. had not an acquaintance or personal friend in the country. When he came to the door of Dr. T., he had \$3. in his pocket and a little wooden box in his hand, and reported himself as coming to work his way for an education. Dr. T. can paint this picture better than the writer of this story. When J. came to Dr. T.'s door at K. H., he had the love of Jesus in his heart, three dollars in his pocket, a thirst for knowledge, and two letters of membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Let boys remember that these were good things to start in life with.

After many long years of separation of the boys, a gentleman was going to Europe. J.'s father said to him, "Bring M. out with you when you come back, and I will make it all right with you." It was done, and M. came with Mr. D. C. to the Province of —, J.'s home. At this time J. had been in the United States for several years, but returned and met his twin spirit, M. Both were now young men. What a time of waking up the memories of childhood days, ways and plays! J. returned to the United States, but M. remained in St. J., learned a trade, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Business, however, became very depressed; he left for the United States, came to S., and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church by letter from the Wesleyans.

Here is the beginning of prosperity. God gives him business, friends, and the confidence of the church and community. By his industry and economy, by his genial, trustful spirit, he is a favorite with all. He is made Sunday-school teacher, holds the superintendent's office for seven or eight years in succession, and is trustee, steward and class-leader. He led in a new church enterprise up town for years, and when the church and society did all they could, M. quietly put his hand in his pocket and settled all deficiencies. He has outgrown his chapel limits, and is moving for a new edifice, and M. put down \$3,000 to begin with. He is a bank director, has been alderman of the city of S., and is the leading manufacturer in one of the greatest industries in the State of —. M. is a business and religious success; he has the instinct

or gift, whether it is natural or supernatural, of that remarkable thing called "tact," or "common sense." He believes in prayer, prudence and work.

J. was "taken in," in a good sense, by Dr. T. after he knocked at the door. He had the elements of a good education, for he knew "A, B and C," and "1, 2 and 3," and "Do, Re and Me." These were needed to begin and to "go ahead" with. He spent some time at K. H., and entered the ministry—raw, but ready for service—preached two years, went to the Theological Institute at C., working his way, and is in the ministry to-day. He has had some success in the ministry, but none in saving money; he can tell the story of the "Red Sea," "Mara," and "Manna," the "Palm-tree shadow," the "Rock," the "gushing fountain," the "Raven" helpers, and the "Sparrow's" care, in his life-work.

J. has a wife, one girl and two boys; M. has a wife, one girl and two boys. All these boys and girls are in school. J. and M. were both born in the same country; both are the same age; both left the Old World, and came to the same province; both left it and came to the United States; both were brought up Presbyterians; both joined the English Wesleyan Methodists, but now are Methodist Episcopalians; both were citizens of Great Britain, but now are citizens of the great republic of the United States of America.

J.'s father was able, and often helped M.'s widowed mother and the two little helpless boys, M. and R., with a "bag of meal and a crust of oil," and sent for M. to come to America. J. was once rich, and M. poor; now M. is rich and J. is poor, with a salary of \$500 and five in the family. The little organ, with its sweet tones, must leave the home, and the "wee plot" of land, forty feet square, by the sea, with the tent, must be let go and be sold for what it will bring, and the clothing

"Turned upside down,
And 'tother side look
To make them look
As good as new."

All this to make both ends meet and get the boy and girl through the college year without a heavy debt. In just such crises of events as these, without knowledge, expectation or solicitation, M. has come with counsel and help to lift the burden, and clear and cheer up the pathway of life of J., the little impulsive, fiery fellow with whom he played in that wonderful "sand-bank" over three thousand miles away and about fifty years ago. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it again after many days."

The Little Folks.

YOUNG ARCHIBALD ALBERT'S IMPROVEMENT.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

"Young Archibald Albert, who saw with his eyes,"

Said little Frank Merrill, "is not over-wise,"

As he read, in the HERALD, what Sidney D. wrote,

And you, my dear Doctor, so readily quote
From Jolly St. Nicholas, gentle and kind,
And always abounding in reading refined.

"If that's an 'improvement,'" says Frankie to me,
"It's a kind of improvement I don't care to see;
And funny it is that Sir Archibald A.
Would an autograph book make up in that way;

For an album like that I am sure I would call
Just no kind of autograph album at all;
I have one at home, and I love it the best,
Because in it no name is just like the rest.

"There's grandfather's autograph, just let me tell,
For though somewhat crooked, I love it as well;
And grandfather's, too, not written so dear,
But still she's the dear, loving grandma of mine;

And here on this page is my dear father's name,
And though badly written, I prize it the same;
And here is my sweet mother's autograph,
Though written no better, is precious to me.

"And the names of my aunts and my uncles are here,
And though all unlike, they are all very dear,
Upright some are standing, some decidedly flat,
Some as pale as blue ribbon, some black as your hat,

Some fine as a needle, some coarse as a nail,
Some fresh as the morning, some straight as a rail,
Like 'pore-looks and trammels' some of them appear,
And some stand out bolder, defiant and clear.

"Some are carefully written, and some with a dash,
And some have the look of a pen-and-ink splash,
Unlike all my autographs are, still to me they are as precious as precious can be,
And look to me better, from grandpa to Mike,

Because they are written so very unlike;
So love I, as Archie's 'improvement' I test,
My old-fashioned autograph album the best."

THE GOLD BASKET.

It was only a fruit-dish of white china with gilt bands around it; but little Vi admired it very much, and called it "mamma's gold basket."

One afternoon, Aunt Emily came to make a call, and mamma brought in the basket filled with nice Florida oranges. After everybody had eaten an orange, and Aunt Emily had gone, sister Anna set the basket on the kitchen table, and that was the way the trouble began.

Little Vi went out there alone to play with the cat. She chased her around and around the room, till, by and by, kitty, growing tired of the sport,

jumped into a chair, and got upon the table.

"Come down! come down!" said little Vi. "You must not smell those oranges with your nose. Come down!" But kitty did not come; she was trying to decide whether the beautiful yellow balls were good to eat. Then Vi caught her by the tail and pulled her backward. She did not do it roughly, but somehow that gold basket got in the way—perhaps kitty's paw touched it, perhaps it was Vi's arm; but, at any rate, the basket was overturned, and down it fell, broken in pieces, upon the floor.

Vi started in surprise at the dreadful ruin, and then stared at the oranges rolling, helter-skelter, under the stove. "Who did that? How did it fall?" thought she.

But the next moment, it came over her that she herself was the one to blame.

"Why, I didn't mean to! That pretty, pretty basket! What will mamma say?"

Little Vi's forehead was full of wrinkles, her eyes were full of tears. She stood so still that you could almost have heard the fly on the roller towel scap his wings.

"I'll tell mamma I did it, and I'm so sorry. No; I'll tell her kitty did it—I guess kitty did do it. Naughty kitty!"

The little girl moved one foot, and then she stood still again. The clock ticked very loud, you know how loud a clock does tick sometimes—and the fly on the towel gazed at Vi, and she gazed at the fly.

"No; I won't tell mamma anything; I won't go in the parlor at all. I'll go out in the yard, and then mamma will think kitty broke the basket; for kitty will be in here all alone."

Vi took three steps toward the outside door, and then she stood still again, and the clock ticked worse than ever. It seemed as if that clock was watching to see Vi make up her mind, and as if that old fly was watching, too.

"Tick, tick—when you go and leave the kitty in here alone, it will be the same as a lie—tick, tick—same as a lie." It wasn't the clock that said that, but it sounded just like the clock.

"Will it be the same as a lie, a true lie?" said the child. And then she looked at the fly, who nodded his head, and kept nodding it. Vi knew he didn't mean "yes," but it seemed just as if he meant yes.

"I will not tell a lie," said Vi, turning her back to the outside door, and putting her foot down hard; "I will not tell a lie." And with that she ran into the parlor; for, if she walked, she was afraid she might not go at all. She ran as fast as she could, the way as fast as she could run, and sobbed out:—

"O mamma, it wasn't the kitty; it was me! But I didn't mean to at all!"

And her mamma kissed her, and said she "knew it was an accident, and she never had loved her little daughter so well in her life as when she came and told the whole truth, like a dear, brave, good little girl; for the truth is better than all the gold baskets in the world."

— Selected.

Miscellany.

Now is the Time.

Perhaps there is now a "shy, solitary, serious thought" in your heart about becoming a Christian. If you let it alone it may fly away like a bird through a cage-door left open, and may never come back. Or else a crowd of business cares and plans, or perhaps a pressure of social invitations will flock in, and the good thought be smothered to death. You have smothered just such blessed thoughts before. The thought in your heart is to become a Christian now; and the great bell rings out, "Now is the time of salvation; be-hold! now is the day of salvation." No soul was ever yet saved, and no good deed was ever done to-morrow. Be careful, dear friend, lest to-morrow find you beyond the world of probation!—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Falling in Love.

There is a great deal of human nature in the account which Artemus Ward gives of the many affecting causes which made him hanker after Betsy Jane: "Her father's farm joined our's; their cows and our's quenched their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our parents (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meadow-house, and the nabers used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Peaseleys are.' It was a sublime site, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up so they couldn't sile 'em, affectionately blin' sepe together and abozin' the nabers."

Two Gentlemen.

I saw two gentlemen on a street-car lately. One of them was grown-up. He was handsomely dressed in a gray business suit, and had very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I knew he was a gentleman? I will tell you.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned, he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so, his bare foot touched the grown gentleman's knee, and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his straw hat, and said very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said with a pleasant smile, "Certainly."—Youth's World.

The Cost of Truth.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are dearly won, not formed by chance,
Not waited on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Faced 'bustling with adverse wind and stream.

